My ſhame, thy name, and husbands ſecret wrong,
All maimd and ſtaind by youths vnruly ſway.
And when thou know'ſt from whence thou art extraught,
Or if thou knew'ſt what ſuites, what threats, what feares,
To moone by loue, or maſſacre by death.
To yeeld with loue, or end by loues contempt.
The mightineſſe of him that courted me,
Who tempered terror with his wanton talke,
That ſomething may extenuate the guilt.
But let it not aduantage me ſo much:
Vpraid me rather with the Romane dame,
That ſhed her blood to waſh away her ſhame.
Why ſtand I to expoſtulate the crime
With *pro & contra*, now the deed is done?
When to conclude two words may tell the tale,
That *Philips* father was a Princes ſonne,
Rich Englands rule, worlds onely terror he,
For honours loſſe left me with child of thee:
Whoſe ſonne thou art, then pardon me the rather,
For faire King *Richard* was thy noble Father.

Phil. Then *Robin Fauconbride* I wiſh thee ioy,
My ſire a King, and I a landleſſe boy.
Gods lady mother, the world is in my debt,
There's ſomething owing to *Plantaginet*.
I marry Sir, let me alone for game,
Ile act ſome wonders now I know my name.
By bleſſed *Mary* Ile not ſell that pride
For Englands wealth, and all the world beſide.
Sit faſt the proudeſt of my fathers foes,
Away good mother, there the comfort goes. *Exeunt.*

Enter Philip *the French King, and* Lewis, Limoges, Conſtance, *and her ſonne* Arthur.

King. Now gin we broach the title of thy claime,
Young *Arthur* in the Albion territories,
Skacing proud *Angiers* with a puiſſant ſiege:

Braue

Braue *Auſtria*, cauſe of *Cordelions* d
Is come to aide thee in thy warres
And all our forces ioyne for *Arthu*
And, but for cauſes of great conſequ
Pleading delay till newes from Eng
Twice ſhould not *Titan* hide him in
To coole the fet-locks of his weary
Till I had with an vnreſiſted ſhock
Controld the mannage of proud
Or made a forfet of my fame to C

Conſt. May be that *Iohn* in conſc
To offer wrong where you impun
Will ſend ſuch calme conditions ba
As ſhall debate the edge of feareſu
If ſo, forbearance is a deede well d

Arth. Ah mother, poſſeſſion of
And *Iohn* as I haue heard reported
For preſent vantage would aduent
The world can witneſſe, in his broth
He tooke vpon him rule, and almo
Then muſt it follow as a doubtfull
That hee'l reſigne the rule vnto his
I rather thinke the menace of the v
Sounds in his eares, as threates of r
And ſooner would he ſcorne *Europ*
Than looſe the ſmalleſt title he eni
For queſtionleſſe he is an Engliſhm

Lewis, Why, are the Engliſh pe
Braue Caualiers as ere that Iſland
Haue liu'd, and di'd, and dar'd, an
Yet neuer grac'd their countrey ſ
England is England, yeelding goo
And *Iohn* of England is as other *Io*
Truſt me young *Arthur*, if thou lik
Praiſe thou the French that helpe

Lymog. The Engliſhman hath
To ſpend good ſpeeches on ſo pro

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *King John* (STC 14647) LONDON, 1622 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH (JA 3731)